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On the Happy
ACCESSION
Of Their Majesties
King WILLIAM
A N D
Queen MARY,
To the Throne of ENGLAND, &c.

A
PINDARIQUE
ODE.

With a Preface shewing the Occasion of the Publication at this time.

By JOHN GUY, Gent.

*Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Terrasque, tractusq; maris, Cælumq; profundum:
Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia seculo.
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vite,
Spiritus & quantum sat erit tua dicere facta:
Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus. ————— Virgil Ecl. 4th.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Mayos, for R. Harrison in New-Inn, without Temple-Bar, MDCXCIX. 29. Nov.

Yaqut - 401

1912

collected 1912

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THE
P R E F A C E.

THAT this Poem was really Written by me shortly after Their Majesties Happy Accession to the Throne, and therefore can be no Trick or Device to serve a present Turn, several of my Friends that were privy to the Writing of it, and others, among whom it was banded about in Manuscript, have done me the Justice to attest. And indeed, the Concern I have been under, for being Questioned as a Disaffected Person to His Majesty, has made me incapable to Impose in such a way upon the World. My Modesty and Difidence of the Performance, considering the great deference that Subjects ought to pay to Princes, would not permit me then to Print it; and the Reason wky I do it now is too obvious. For tho' I was assur'd, by very good Judges, that it was not Inferior to any that was Publish'd on that Occasion, when those that could have done better were silent; yet I could not but be sensible how very short this, as well as the rest, were of the Transcendent Subject, which I thought ought not to have been attempted but by the Skilful'st Hand.

None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove,

And for little Poets to approach Majesty with their Muses, I fear'd might look something like Familiar, and ought not to expect Acceptance. It seems Pictoribus atque Poetis, &c. did not extend thus far, when Horace himself, who had the Honour of Augustus's Friendship, thought that he should offend by a long Epistle.

Quum tot sustineas curas & tanta pericula solus,
Res Italas Armis tuteris, moribus ornes:
Legibus emendes: in Publica commoda peccem,
Si longo Sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.

And Certainly there is as much Deference and good Manners due from us to King William, upon all those accounts which Horace mentions, as was from him to Augustus; For did Augustus undergoe more or greater Cares and Perils for the People of Rome, than His Majesty has for us and all Europe? Has not his Arms Preserv'd us more Eminently than ever Augustus's did them? And for Reformation of Manners, and Restoring the Laws to their due Administration, could Augustus or any other Prince take more effectual care than His Majesty? And if the Modesty of Horace would not permit him, but he thought himself Insufficient to Sing Augustus's Praises, and that for him to offer at it, would look Officious, and might be Unacceptable, as he tells Augustus afterwards in the same Epistle,

Sed neque parvum
Carmen Majestas recipit tua, nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quum vires ferre recusent.
Sedulitas Autem, stulte quem diligit, urget:
Peccipue quum se numeris commendat & arte.

What Construction can we think ought to be put on the best of our Performances?

Kings, like him whose Vicegerents they are, ought not to be Address'd, or even thought of, but with Reverence, and if a Late Noble Wit judg'd right, that the Supreme Being was not to be Worship'd by Tedious Familiar

The Preface.

Addresses, but by some short significant Hymn, expressing the profoundest Admiration; Poets would do well to observe that measure in their Panegyricks on Princes: but then who should Write that Hymn?

These Considerations, tho' unheeded by others, prevailed on me not to Publish this Poem, tho' I think it contriv'd so as may pretty well answer those Objections, and have a better pretence than the rest for being Publick, v.i.z. By making the Address not from the Poet, but from Britania: And the joyns sence of a whole Island may be Acceptable, when in the Person of a Poet, it would be Insolent. Wherefore, and Considering withal that my Loyalty to His Majesty is call'd in Question by False Accusations, and Malicious Informations, this Poem is even Extorted from me in my Vindication, and as I hope, without Offence, or else it had not further seen the Light.

There is abundant Evidence upon Oath from Gentlemen, Clergymen, Practisers of the Law, and others of Unquestionable Reputation (and I take care to Converse with none but are so) of my Loyalty, and good Affection to His Majesty; And I am confident that every Honest unprejudic'd Person that knows me is satisfi'd of it; I have upon all Occasions shewn it, and have given a great many Instances of it, and amongst several others that I could mention, I do assert that the Writing this Poem is One: For what ever defects it may have as a Poem, I think there has not been any extant, that excells it in Loyalty, not Slight, Artificial, and Poetical, but Real, Affectionate, and Substantial Loyalty, and such as another might at that time perhaps have thought dangerous to expose. The expressions are bold and high, even to Temerity, and such as indeed would not be allowable in any other sort of Poem, than the Pindarique Ode; But how I have perform'd in the Poetical part I do not at all concern my self, nor care if there are some Flat or some Rough Lines in it; The Designe of this Publication being to shew the World, not that I am a Poet but a Loyal Subject; And for that, if the Sence be good;

Shadwell

Tom. Sternhold's, or Tom. —'s Rhimes will serve.

For I think it concernes me to give all the Evidence I can of my Loyalty, at this time, when the Grand Accuser is so busy with his base Implements to traduce me; but because I am under a prosecution by the Government for the contrary, in submission to that, I shall say nothing of them; but do declare solemnly, that there is not a Man that lives upon English Ground that loves and honours His Majesty King William more than I doe, and let me Perish, if after the utmost Recollection of my Words and Actions, I know my self in the least Guilty of what is charg'd against me.

The occasion of this malicious Accusation is generaly known; Before I happen'd to disoblige the Person that set it on Foot, even in his Opinion, I was a very Honest, Loyal and Good Man, and used and treated by him, with all the Kindness and Respect imaginable by Letters and otherwise. Since, he has made it his perfect Study and Business to contrive my Ruine, and by Words and Writing, upon all occasions has declar'd as much; the Actions of my Life almost to my Child-hood, have been examin'd into, and now after almost twenty Tears, with Additions and Aggravations Falsely (as this whole Town knows) and Maliciously exposed in Print, and dispersed thro' the Countrey, which shews the foul Rancour of an Inveterate Enemy, but not the Justice of a fair one, and nothing of a Loyal Subject, a Gentleman, or a Man, and of which notice shall be taken in due time, and in due form.

A

PINDARIQUE ODE.

I.

FAIREST *Britania* Queen of Isles,
On whom Indulgent Nature smiles,
O're whom the Guardian Heavens wait,
To save thee from Impending Fate.
Appear, and all thy Native Charms put on,
NASSAW thy Great Deliverer is come,
And all thy Foes are hence in wild Confusion gon.
Well hast thou Scap'd their Violence,
And sav'd thy Innocence ;
Strong their Designs, and Close, were laid
By those to have forc'd thee, and by these betray'd ;
And forward steps were tow'rds thy ruin made.
What means to save thee, then were found ?
Beset with danger round,
Thy faithful Sons, that should thee aid,
Were all disarm'd and bound :

B

Disarm'd

Disarm'd of all but Prayers and Tears,
And those unequal to their fears.

But lo *NASSAW, NASSAW* by Heaven
To their Desponding suit is given.

II.

Rise then *Britania*, raise thy Mourning Head,

Let all thy Sorrows with thy foes be fled ;

Rise, and him thy humble Muse Address ;

Their rude her words, and artless be her dress,

To mean to offer to his High Desert,

With true and well affected heart

The Pious *HERO* thank, that did thy Fate avert.

Let abler Pens to Fame Record

What *Holland* owes her Lord,

To him the Glory of her Fortune yeild,

His Councils in the State, his Valour in the Field :

How he Intestine feuds to concord brought,

How at *Seneffe*, and how at *Mons* he Fought,

Where in the Youth, such Martial Force and Fire

Made *Luxembourg*, and all the World, admire,

And which a Muse to Sing, would equal Flame require.

Whilst thine Attempts in humbler strains to shew,

The Gratitude, these rescued Nations owe,

III.

To God, Great Prince and You,

Is our Deliverance due.

O, may never be

Ras'd from our Memory,

The Benefits we owe to God and Thee.

Hail

Hail Sacred Champion of our Churches Cause !
 Hail True Defender of our Faith and Laws !
 Joy of our Hearts, and Comfort of our Sight ;
Romes Terror, and the *Protestants* delight :
 And were the World reform'd of one pure mind,
 Wouldst be like *Titus*, Joy of Human kinde.
 Thee all the Land doth bless, for Thee rejoice,
 And the United Peoples Sacred Voice,
 Proclaims, that God Anoints Thee as his Choice.
 Our *Moses* Thou, that under Heavens high Hand
 From more than *Egipts* vile Idolatry,
 And worse than Brick-kil Slavery,
 Leads't forth the Chosen Race to their Eorefathers Land.

IV,

Whether thy Courage, or thy Wisdom, may
 Be more admir'd is hard to say :
 'Twas bold and brave to land our Coasts,
 And, with so few, thy self t' expose
 Against unequal standing foes,
 'Gainst Garrisons, and Forts, and Mercenary Hosts.
 'Twas bold and brave ; but the Success
 Shews that thy Wisdom was not less ;
 The one, unless by t'other rein'd,
 Does headlong to it's ruine run,
 The Glory does but blaze, and straight 'tis done.
 So Princes, unrestrain'd,
 By Laws or Conduct have been known.
 Fir'd with Ambitious Aime
 To do great things, and get a Name,
 In furious hast to mount a Throne ;

But weighing not the Art and Force,
 Requir'd to carry on their Course,
 After some bluster and some Fury shewn,
 In as great hast from thence have tumbled down.

V.

So the *Boutefeu Phaeton*
 Hasty for Government,
 Unskil'd and feeble for the vast Attempt,
 Mounted the Charriot of the Sun :
 And scorning reasons mild Controul,
 The unexperienc'd Charriotier,
 In his Careere,
 Drove blazing ruine on from *Pole to Pole* ;
 The *Signes* were frighted at the Carrs return,
 And the freez'd *Zones* wonder'd what made them burn ;
 The *Zodiack* was no Barrier found,
 He leap'd the *Tropics*, and the *Ecliptic* Bound,
 And fir'd the *Orbs* around ;
 And thence, with rapid fury, hurl'd
 Destruction o're this World :
 " Till Angry *Jove*, did dreadful Thunder throw,
 " And quench'd the hot Brain'd Fiery Youth in *Po*.
 But *Phæbus* well the Giddy Seat maintains,
 He knows the menage of the reins ;
Phæbus collects the scatter'd ray,
 And forms again the day,
 Which shall henceforth observe the Establish'd Course,
 With just and natural force ;
 And his kind Beams dispence
 With Universal influence.

VI.

The great Progenitors of *NASSAW*,
 Smile at their Glorious Offspring here below ;
 Thou worthy *Cion* of that noble Stem !

Th' Imperial Diadem
 Adorn'd with meaner Honour them,
 Than thy *Heroic* Vertues now
 Have justly planted on thy Brow ;
 Nor can the Crown th' Almighty there has set,
 Bring new honour on with it ;
 But that by Thee does Shine more bright,
 And from thy Glory takes a radiant light ;
 For had our *Sanhedrin*
 To thy high Merit, so ingrateful been,
 And fix'd it on another Head,
 Than his who Libertyes, Laws, Lives, Religion rescued ;
 Thy Virtue yet beyond a Crown had shone,
 Sufficient in its selfe alone,
 And every good mans heart had been thy Throne,

VII.

And thus in *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Flanders, and *Germany*,
 And in the very Heart of *France*
 Thou dost thy Power advance :
 Where er'e there's any serice of Native Right ;
 Or value for dear Liberty,
 Where People court not Slavery,
 Doat not on Tyrants, and Oppressors Might ;

C

There

There dost thou reign ; thy Empire unconfin'd
 But in the Circle of Mankind.
 As far as Winds and Waves can bear, thy Name,
 All Nations and all Languages proclaim.
 In Thee the Injur'd hope, In Thee do trust
 All worthy Patriots, all the Good and Just ;
 Securely blest, relying on that hand
 Which does o're whelming Tyranny withstand ;
 And stops Ambition breaking o're a Land.
 This Godlike Pow'r they all ascribe to Thee,
 The next to that, which stops and bounds the raging Sea.

VIII.

May Everlasting Peace attend on those
 Who, with Immortal Honour, lost their Blood,
 Whilst bravely they withstood
 Th' unjust Invaders of the Worlds Repose :
 But may their Fates be never thine ;
 Pious alike, and brave was their designe,
 Tho' Crown'd not with the like Event ;
 The Great *Adolphus* perish'd in the Attempt.
 For whom all Europe griev'd,
 Where undefil'd the Sacred Truth's believ'd,
 And pure, unmix'd with Legends is receiv'd.
Adolphus ! whose Affrighting Name did make,
Rome and *Vienna* shake.
 The Generous leader of a Holy War,
 Renown'd as that which *Godfrey* led so far.
 The Persecuted *Germans* Prop,
 In whom th' afflicted and distres't did hope.
 Whilst *Ferdinand* did tremble, and the *Pope*.

IX.

Gallant and Young, *Adolphus* knew no fear,
Cæsar and *Ammon's* Son his great Examples were.
The General that would atcheive, said he,
A Name to late Posterity,
No dang'rous Enterprize must shun,
Where no danger is, no Honour's won.
The race through Wounds, and Blood, and Pain, and Toil is run;
Who reaches not the Goal has nothing done.
The General's Fame admits not of degree;
He must a Cæsar, or must nothing be.
When Fate a Hero does decree to make,
To raise a Noble Instrument,
For the Worlds benefit, and Glory meant;
Into her Armes it does the Darling take,
Bears him through all the dangers of his way,
Till he attains, at last, his bright Triumphant day.

X.

Witness these Sons of Fame,
Who differently to Empire came;
Cæsar, through all the Battels which he Fought,
Iho' dangers every where he sought,
In Towns, and Camps, and in the Feild,
His Fortune still did sheild,
And without Wound to Empire brought.
Whilst the Pellæan Youth adorn'd all o're
With Wounds, with large Effusion of his Blood,
His Fate to Empire bore;

At the fan'd Passage of the Grannic Floud;
 Where the swoln Rivers rapid Course,
 And the steep Banks, and Persia's Force
 His Enterprize withstood;
 Tho' his Helmet through to his Head was cleav'd
 Stun'd, and almost of Life bereav'd,
 He lands and conquers on the Guarded Shore.
 There Meager death Gluttons on Persian Gore,
 There Spithridates and Rheesaces bleed,
~~and~~ ^{and} Darius's fall's decreed,
 And his the Greecian Empire must succeed;
 And thus, said he, if Destinyes ordain
 My Righteous Armes should Glory gain,
 Through Dangers infinite, they can me safe sustain.
 But ah! too soon from all thy Glory's here,
 Heaven Summons Thee, to those Immortal there,
 Where clad with Robes of pure Cæstial white,
 And Crown'd with Rays of Light,
 Brightest among the Blest thou shine'ft, who late
 In Pity to the World, for *WILLIAM* there shall wait.

XI.

To *WILLIAM* Muse bring back thy wand'ring Song,
 Thy strains to him belong;
 Swear that in all the Regal Line
 None yet so Gloriously did Shine,
 Nor own'd a Title truly so Divine.
 No dull Succession sanctifies his Right,
 Nor Conquest gain'd in Fight,
 But o're the Peoples minds, and there
 Does Right Divine Triumphant appear.

The

The mind, impassible and free,
 No Pow'r can Govern, but the Deity ;
 Hower'e o're Persons, and o're Fortunes, may
 A bold Intruder sway ;
 The *Right Divine* is by the People giv'n,
 And 'tis their Suffrage speaks the mind of Heav'n.

XII.

How Senceless was Antiquity ?
 How little Virtue understood ?
 When the Tryumphant Wreath was always dy'd in Bloud ;
 When, for mere Butchery
 Men were made Gods, translated to the Skie.
 Unlike such Conquerors, *NASSAW*
 To his Swords Edge does little owe.
 The Sword in Judgment may be sent,
 And a Curs'd Hand the Instrument ;
 Here Heav'n its Mercy Signally did shew,
 And with miraculous Success,
 The Glorious Cause did Bless ;
 We saw th' Almighty hand, and did its Power confess.
 No Bloud scarce spilt, the Sword was only drawn,
 And straight 'twas Sheath'd again,
 Thus God a Kingdome turns as but one Man :
 So his Sons Kingdome was established,
 No Arm of Flesh the Gospel spred,
 No Slaughter'd Hosts the feilds made red ;
 But a resistless Pow'r did Man convince,
 Vanquish'd his Reason, and subdu'd his Sence.
 An Unseen Spirit Divine made him submit,
 To the great Truths it brought along with it.

XIII.

Mistaken some, who think wrong done
 To him that lately fil'd the Throne,
 Would blot the *English* Name with black Rebellion.
 But if to seek redress,
 When Greivances oppress,
 And to assert our Rights, be that black Damning Sin,
 Then are we sure the most forlorn of Men ;
 Then no Defence we have,
 But Princes may us as they please Enslave.
 The Laws which measure and ordain
 Our mutual Rights, are vain ;
 Oathes may be cancel'd, Vows made void,
 And Natures eldest Law destroy'd ;
 When we behold the lifted hand,
 Shall we defenceless stand ?
 And not provide to guard the coming stroke ?
 When we see Bonds, prepar'd to tye
 A Freeborn Land in Slavery,
 Must we submit our Passive Necks to th' Yoke ?
 And dare profanely Heav'n for Miracles invoke ?
 Doctrines absurd ! and by our Church untaught,
 Till holy Sycophants, of late,
 Broach'd 'em at Court, where the best method known,
 To gain a *Mitre* was by Preaching up the *Crown*.

XIV.

Ah *James* ! Unhappy Prince ! would'st thou submit
 To Fate, retire in Peace and private sit ;

As

As *Dioclesian* heretofore,
 (Oh that I could thy Name but spare
 And not it so Ingloriously compare)
 After his Persecutions or'e
 Withdrew and never thought of *Crown* or *Empire* more.
 Thou might'st enjoy in thy recess,
 More Solid happiness,
 Than in thy Arbitrary Reign thou did'st possess ;
 The Subjects, whom thou sought'st to enslave,
 Might then some pitty have ;
 And tho' Allegiance must transfer,
 Might yet their Honour bear.
 But Thou, unwise, urg'est thy doom still on,
 And know'st not to survive thy Kingdoms gone ;
 Made up and form'd of too much Fire,
 'Gainst Heaven, and Stars in vain thou wilt aspire,
 Til in the haughty Flame thou dost at last expire.
 Why must we be, against our wills, thy Foes ?
 But ah ! when Laws and Liberties, as here,
 And Heav'n it self, doe interfere,
 We must be Traytors to all those,
 If with our utmost Force we do not thee oppose.

XV.

But cease my Muse, stoop thy *Pindaric* Wing,
 And now learn softer Notes to Sing.
 Transported far with Zeal,
 For *Williams* Cause, and for the *English* Weal,
 I fear too boldly thou dost truths reveal.
 Dost thou consider what harsh Sounds they bear ?
 To a Nephew, Son, and to a Daughters ear ?

Blest Pair! not Nature more with Justice strove,
 When *Junius* Sentenc'd his conspiring Son,
 Than Grief and Duty in your Breasts did move,
 When *James's* Errors did himself Dethrone;
 With sorrowing Eyes you view'd the profer'd Crown,

And thought it fal'n too soon,
 Till condescending pity took it on:
 You saw our Mis'ries, and our Woes bewail'd,

And that important thought prevail'd.
 Hail *MARY*, Glory of thy Sex! by Thee
 Fal'n Woman kind restor'd again shall be;
 Who, when the Illustrious Pattern now they view,
 Shall leave their Vanity, and follow you:
 The only Match, the Sun in all his race,
 Saw worthy of thy Royal Lords embrace:
 Well are you pair'd in Virtue as in Love,

As tho one Soul both Breasts did move,
 Happy the day! when *MARY* blest our Shore,
 The *English* shouts the News to *Holland* bore,
 Nor was there need of any Envoy of it more:
 The Guns and Bells were deafned by the Voice,
 Scarce had been heard the Thunders loudest Noise.
 The Fires above look'd pale, ashame'd to see,
 Our Fires below more bright, and numberless as they.

XVI.

But who the vast transporting joy can guess?

That did the Royal Breasts possess,
 When after various perils past,

And

And *Englands* doubts, and *Hollands* fears,
 And *WILLIAMS* toyls, and *MARYS* tears,
 With safety and success, thy met again at last.

Not the first Bridal day
 Could be more joyful, or more gay,
 For Bliss is rais'd by Dangers and delay :
 No Dangers then before did fright,
 Here was a stormy dismal Night ;
 Ere the Sun rose, and brought the Glad som light.
 O *MARY* ! wellcome to thy *WILLIAMS* Armes,
 Wellcome thy Heavenly Charms,
 Wellcome, as *Noah*'s travail'd Dove ,
 Bearing the *Olive Branch* of *Peace* and *Love* :
 The Waves of trouble now shall quickly cease ;
 And the tost Ark enjoy a resting place ;
 Behold the Hills arise, and shew their heads of peace.

XVII.

Now plant the Vine under whose spread ing shade,
 With plenty all around, supinely laid,
 No Cares hereafter shall our Joys invade :
 Pluck the rich Fruit, press forth the Noble Juice,
 With thankful Joy, let harmless pleasures loose.

And as you Quaff the Purple Grape,
 Let not your Soveraigns Healths escape ;
 On each delicious Draught
 Let your best wishes wait.
 Long may they live a happy *Royal Pair*,
 Free from Lifes Maladies, Disease and Care.
 May Subjects, blest, vex with no Suits the State ;
 May their Crown easie be without the weight.

B

And

And, as we are happyer, Heav'n make us better too ;
 May their Examples through their Realms renew
 The sad decays of Piety,
 And call *Astrea* from the Skie :
 May we by them learn to reform our Lives ;
 May Husbands Faithful be, and Loyal Wives.
 Then Ages shall with Blessings march a long,
 And be the Subject of the Future Poets Song.

XVIII.

But hark ! again the Trumpet sounds Allarms,
 To Arms, to Arms ;
 Rise *WILLIAM*, rise,
 And quit again thy lov'd *MARIA*'s Charms,
 Hear *Ireland*'s cries,
 See their bent Knees, their upheld Hands, and streaming Eyes.
 On, and thy drooping Subjects cheer,
 Thy God that freed thee from the Lyon here,
 Will save thee too from the *Hibernian* Bear,
 And every proud Uncircumcis'd *Philistine* there.
 Behold, thy Pious *Banners* all Display
 Religion, drawn by a *Cælestial Ray* ;
 An August Dame,
 Of Heav'nly Air, and Heav'nly frame :
 Her face like *MARYS*, and like hers her Mien,
 Sweet yet Majestick, pleasant yet Divine ;
 Nothing that's loose, yet nothing stiff is there,
 Tho cheerful yet not light, reserv'd yet not Austere ;
 No costly gawdy Robes her forme Disguise,
 No uncouth Habit to Amuse our Eyes.

Nor is She clad precisely mean,
But decently Adorn'd 'twixt each extreme.

Her Hand a Sacred Book does hold,
Wherein's denounc'd the *Popish Doom*,
And lo, in Shining Characters of Gold,
Behold a Motto thus, *IN THIS THOU SHALT O'RECOME.*

XIX.

But, what Divinity inspires me now ?
And with what Spirit does my Lab'ring Bosome grow ?
The *Prophet*, sure, is with the *Poet* joyn'd ;
I swell, and cannot bear the vast infusive Mind :
Babilon, the proud Town,
Babilon is falne, *Babilon* goes down,
Antichrist is crush'd, the *Scarlet Whore*
Lies weltring in her Gore,
Idolatry is now no more.
Then o're the World the *Halcyon* Broods agen,
And Hatches Peace to all Succeeding Sons of Men.

F I N I S.
